

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* periury, and vnjust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistis moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke ypon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mistis sake, because thou lou'lt her. Fare-

Int. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistis loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
He get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou fencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
He vte thee kindly, for thy Mistis sake
That vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrick's* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suite?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (det.

Th. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat round.

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.

Th. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Th. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

Int. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Th. What saies she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Int. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Th. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd.

Int. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Th. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Th. Wherefore?

Int. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Int. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now sit *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?

Th. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that pezzant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Frier *Lawrence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guess'd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
He after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,
Then for the loue of reek-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* loue
Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Int. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, On-Laves.

1. Ont. Come, come be patient:

We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2. Ont. Come, bring her away.

1. Ont. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3. Ont. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

But *Moyser* and *Valerius* follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,

There is our Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,

The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1. Ont. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.

Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,

And will not vse a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,

On-Laves.

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?

This shadowy desert, vnfrequented woods

I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes;

Here can I sit alone, vn-scene of any,

And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,

Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,

Left growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leaue no memory of what it was,

Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:

Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.

What hallowing, and what fit is this to day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,

Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;

They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe

To keepe them from vnchill outrages.

Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you

(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)

To hazard life, and reskew you from him,

That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,

Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:

(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,

And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:

Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am,

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:

But by my comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Int. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

I would haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,

Rather then haue false *Protheus* reskew me:

Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I doe detest false periur'd *Protheus*:

Therefore be gone, sollicite me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death

Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:

Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot

Sil. When *Protheus*

Read ouer *Iulia's* hea

For whose deare sake

Into a thousand oathes

Descended into periur

Thou hast no faith left

And that's farre worse

Then plurall faith, wh

Thou Counterfeyt, to

Pro. In Loue,

Who respects friend

Sil. All men but *P*

Pro. Nay, if the ge

Can no way change y

He wooe you like a *S*

And loue you 'gainst t

Sil. Oh heauen.

Pro. He force thee

Val. Ruffian: let go

Thou friend of an ill fa

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou comon

For such is a friend no

Thou hast beguil'd my

Could haue perswaded

I haue one friend aliue

Who should be trusted

Is periur'd to the bos

I am forry I must nere

But count the world a

The priuate wound is

'Mongst all foes that a

Pro. My shame an

Forgiue me *Valentine*:

Be a sufficient Ranfom

I tender't heere: I doe

As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am pai

And once againe, I do

Who by Repentance i

Is not of heauen, nor e

By Penitence th'Etern

And that my loue may

All that was mine, in *J*

Int. Oh me vnhappy

Pro. Looke to the *S*

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wag: how now?

Int. O good sir, my n

to Madam *Silvia*: & (c

Pro. Where is that

Int. Heere 'tis: this

Pro. How? let me s

Why this is the ring I

Int. Oh, cry you m

This is the ring you s

Pro. But how cam

I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

Int. And *Iulia* her selfe har

And *Iulia* her selfe har

Pro. How? *Iulia*?

Int. Behold her, th

And entertain'd 'em d

How oft hast thou wi

Oh *Protheus*, let this h